

Blue THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal,
by their Majesties Servants.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N:
Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.
MDCXCV.

What is

Grasses found on 2nd of no. 1000
from a 1000 ft. above of no. 2 (correlation)
Rivers & some grassland (200) Le. parvum

TO THE
R E A D E R

THis Play being too long to be conveniently Act-
ed, such places as might be least prejudicial
to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage:
But that we may no way wrong the incomparable
Author, are here inserted according to the Original
Copy, with this Mark “

THE

The Persons Represented.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former King.
Horatio, Hamlet's Friend.
Marcellus, an Officer.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Voltemand.
Cornelius.
Laertes, Son to Polonius.
Reynaldo.
Rosencraus, } two Courtiers,
Guildenstern, }
Cum aliis.
Lucianus.
Fortinbras, King of Norway.
Osbick, a fantastical Courtier.
Barnardo, } two Centinels.
Francisco, }
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
Two Grave-makers.

Gertrud, Queen of Denmark.
Ophelia, in love with Hamlet.

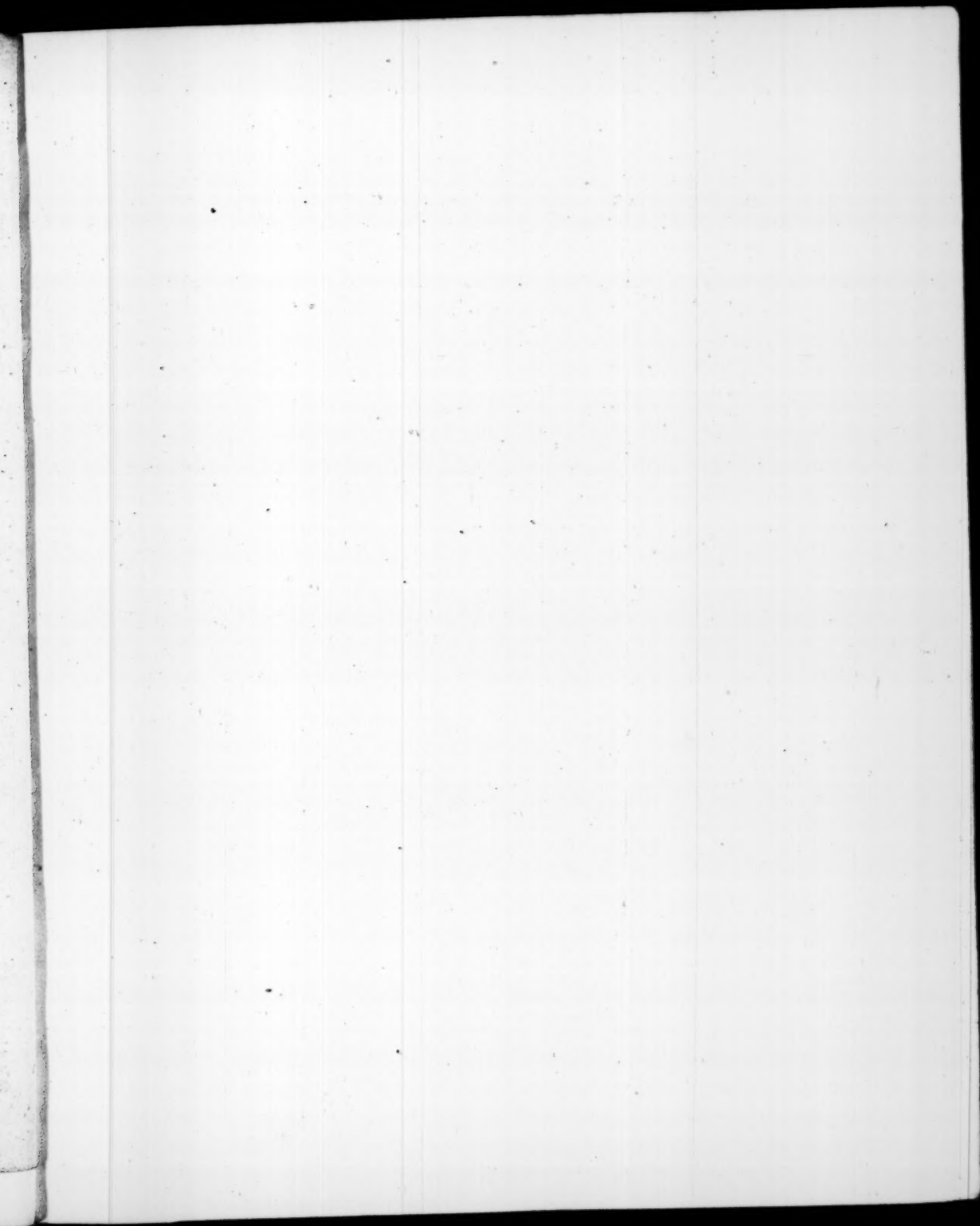
Mr. Crosby.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Noake.

Mr. Young.

Mr. Norris.
Mr. Cademan.

Mr. Percival.
Mr. Fevan.
Mr. Ratband.
Mr. Floyd.
Mr. Medburn.
{ Mr. Ondril.
{ Mr. Williams.

Mrs. Shadwel.
Mrs. Betterton.



1. Amphipoda 2. Crustacea 1670.

20. 2. Crustacea 1670.

21. Crustacea 1670.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Bar. **W** Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,

10 And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

15 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho: who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Good night.

Mar. O farewell honest Souldiers; who has relieved you?

Fran. Barnardo has my place; good night. *[Exit. Fran.]*

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.

B

Bar.

The Tragedy of

23 Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A piece of him.

25 Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantasmie,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,

30 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;

Therefore I have entreated him along,

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

"That if again this apparition come,

"He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hora. I will not appear.

35 Bar. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

Hora. Well, let's down,

40 And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same Star that's westward from the Pole,

Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven,

45 Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off, look where it comes again.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

30 *Mar.* Thou art a Scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurpest this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,

45 In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*

Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalks away.

Hora. Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasmie?

What think you of it?

Hora. I could not believe this.

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. It is not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such

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X

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22

(2.4)

22

answer design 152/

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

3

69 Such was the very armour he had on,
70 When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.
82 "So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
"He smote the sleaded Pollax on the Ice.
"Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and at the same hour,
75 With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray sit down and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,

"And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon,

"And foreign Mart for implements of war?

"Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task

85 "Does not divide the *Sunday* from the week?

"What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

"Makes the night joyn't labour with the day?

"Who is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I:

90 "At least the whisper goes so. — Our last King,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,

"Thereto prick't on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,

95 "For (so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this *Fortinbras* who by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,

Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands;

"Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:

100 "Against the which a moiety competent

"Was gaged by our King which had returned

"To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

"Had he been vanquish't: as by the same compact,

"And carriage of the Articles design,

105 "His fell to *Hamlet*: now, sir, young *Fortinbras*,

"Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,

Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there

Sharpt up a list of lawless Resolutes,

"For food and diet to some Enterprize

110 "That hath a stomach in't, which is no other

"As it doth well appear unto our State,

"But to recover of us by strong hand

"And Terms compulsory, those foresaid lands

"So by his Father lost: — and this I take it

115 Is the main motive of our preparations,

B 2

"Tha

The Tragedy of

46 "The source of this our watch, and the chief head
"Of this Post-haste, and romage in the land.

X Bar. I think it be no other but even so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
120 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

X "Hera. A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.

"In the most high and flourishing state of Rome,

X "A little e're the mightiest *Fulius* fell,

125 "The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

"Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,

"As Stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood;

"Disasters in the Sun, and the moist Star,

"Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands

130 "Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,

"And even the like precursor of fierce events,

"As harbingers preceding still the fates

"And Prologue to the *Omen* coming on,

"Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

135 "Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again,

I'll cross it though it blast me: Stay illusion,

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,

140 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O speak:

145 Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which they say your spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it, stay and speak; stop it *Marcellus*.

X Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partisan?

X 150 Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Bar. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong being so majesticall,

155 To offer it the shew of violence:

It is ever as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery:

Bar. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

160 Upon a fearful summons: I have heard,

The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn;

162 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat

[Enter Ghost.]

[He spreads
his arms.]

[The Cock crows:]

[Exit Ghost.]

Awake

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24 1/2

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

5

Awake the God of Day; and at his warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his confine; "And of the Truth herein
"This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.
"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
"Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
"This Bird of dawning singeth all night long,
"And then, they say, no Spirit dares stir abroad,
"The Nights are wholesome; then no Planets strike,
"No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
"So hallowed and so gracious is that Time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
But look, the Morn in russet Mantle clad
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill:
Break we our Watch up, and, by my Advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to Night

Unto young Hamlet; perhaps
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.
"Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
"As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exeunt.]

Flourish. Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrard the Queen, Council,
as Polonius, and his Son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear Brother's Death
The Memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe:
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated Joy,
"With an auspicious and a dropping Eye,
"With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
"In equal Scale, weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along (for all our thanks)
"Now follows that you know young Fortinbras;
"Holding a weak supposal of our Worth,
"Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death

"Our

The Tragedy of

206 "Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,
 "Collegued with this dream of his advantage,
 "He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 "Importing the surrender of those Lands
 210 "Lost by his Father, with all bands of Law,
 "To our most valiant Brother. So much for him,
 "Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,
 "Thus much the business is, we have here writ
 "To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras,
 215 "Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 "Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress
 "His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
 "The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 "Out of his Subjects: And we now dispatch
 220 "You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
 "Ambassadors to old Norway,
 "Who have no further personal Power
 "Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
 "Of these dilated Articles allow.
 225 "Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
 "Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we shew our duty.
 "King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
 "Now Laertes, what's the news with you?
 "You told us of some suit, what is't Laertes?
 230 "You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 "And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg Laertes?
 "That shall not be my offer, not thy asking.
 "The head is not more native to the heart,
 235 "The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 "Than is the Throne of Denmark, to thy Father:
 "What would'st thou have Laertes?
 "Laer. My dear Lord,
 "Your leave and favour to return to France,
 "From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 240 "To shew my duty in your Coronation;
 "Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 "My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
 "And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
 "King. Have you your father's leave? what says Polonius?
 245 "Pol. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
 "By labour some petition; and at last,
 "Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
 "I do beseech you give him leave to go.
 "King. Take thy fair hour Laertes, time be thine,
 250 "And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
 "But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son.
 255 "Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King.

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C. 1876

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attributed by Cand. E. to
Cabell

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[scribbled out text]

(1676) and C. 1876

22. 6. 1876

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

7

252 *King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the Sun.

255 *Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 Thou know'st 'tis common all that live must die,
 260 Passing through Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
 Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam, nay it is, I know not seems.
 X 265 'Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother

"Nor customary lutes of solemn black,

"Nor windy-suspuration of forc'd breath,

"No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

"Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

270 Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
 That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,

"For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within which passes shew,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

275 *King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your father.

But you must know your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

280 To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
 In obstinate condolement, dares express

An impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,

"It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,

"A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,

285 "An understanding simple and unschool'd:

"For what we know must be, and is as common

"As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

"Why should we in our peevish opposition

"Take it to heart? He, 'tis a fault to heaven,

290 "A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

"To reason most absurd, whose common theme

"Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried

"From the first Coarse till he that died to day,

"This must be so: we pray you throw to earth

295 This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father: and let the world take note

You are the most immediate to our throne,

"And with no less nobility of love

299 Than that which dearest father bears his son

Do

11

310 Do I impart toward you for your intent,
" In going back to School to *Wittenberg*.
" It is most retrograde to our desire,
" And we beseech you bend you to remain
315 " Here in the Chear and comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*.
I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. 'Tis a loving and a fair Reply.

X 315 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to Day,
But the great Canon to the Clouds shall tell,

315 " And the Kings rowse the Heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking Earthly Thunder: Come away.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt.

Thaw and resolve it self into a Dew,

Or that the everlasting had not fixt

+ 320 His Cannon 'gainst self Slaughter!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this World? -

'Tis an unweeded Garden

+ That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature

325 Possess it meerly; that it should come thus,

But two Months Dead, nay, not so much, not two,

So excellent a King, *Nelson*

So loving to my Mother.

That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven

330 To visit her Face too roughly:

She us'd to hang on him,

As if increase of Appetite had grown

By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,

Let me not think on't, Frailty thy Name is Woman,

335 " A little Month: or e're those shoes were old,

" With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,

" Like *Niobe* all Tears, why she,

" Heaven? a beast that wants discourse of reason

" Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,

340 My father's brother; but no more like my father

Than I to *Hercules*: within a month,

" E're yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

" Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

" She married? O most wicked speed to post

345 " With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;

346 " It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

9

347 "But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio, or I forget my self.

350 Hora. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that name with you;
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

355 Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even Sir.)

But what make you from Wittenberg?

X Hora. A truant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do my ear that violence,

To be a witness of your own report

360 Against your self; I know you are no truant;

But what is your affair in Elfenour?

Wee'l teach you here to drink e're you depart.

X Hora. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prethee do not mock me, fellow student.

I think it was to my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the Funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage tables.

370 Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven

E're I had seen that day, Horatio.

My Father, methinks I see my Father.

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's Eye, Horatio.

415 Hora. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hora. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

380 Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hora. Defer your admiration but a while

With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,

X 425 This wonder to you.

661 Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,

390 "In the dead vast and middle of the night

Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your Father,

And armed exactly, Cap-a-pe,

342 Appears before them, and with solemn march

C

GOES

47

The Tragedy of

393 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walkt

By their oppress'd and fear surpriz'd Eyes

424 Within this truncheons length, whilst they distill'd

Almost to gelly with their fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me

461 (They did impart in dreadful secrecie)

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

400 Where as they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes: "I know your father,

" These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

440 It self to motion, as it would speak;

But even then the morning Cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,

And we did think it then our duty

To let you know it.

42-61 Ham. Indeed Sirs but this troubles me, 1

Hold you the watch to night?

420 All. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. From head to foot.

415 Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

430 Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like? said it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grissled?

Hor.

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

13

440 Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I war'nt it will.

450 Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it though hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it require your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

495 All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves as mine to you; farewell.
My father's Spirit in Arms, all is not well.
I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:
Till then sit still my Soul, foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'whelm them from mens Eyes.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't, farewell,
And sister, as the winds give benefit

"And convey in Assistant, " do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A Violet in the youth and prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,

470 The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more.

355 "For Nature cressant does not grow alone,
"In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
"The inward service of the mind and soul
"Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
"And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch
"The virtue of his will; but you must fear

480 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.

1676 (J) He may not, as inferior persons do,
Bestow himself: for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,

485 "And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the Voice and yielding of that body

C 2

[Exeunt.

[Manet Hamlet.

460 [Exit.

rise

(ap 1676)

522 F. Billie

X 6576
X 2

"Whereof

57

The Tragedy of

12

486 526 "Whereof he is the head, then if he says he loves you,

"It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,

"As he in his particular Act and place

"May give his saying deed; which is no further

490 530 "Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with your credulous ear you hear his Songs,

"Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

"To his unmaistred importunity.

Fear it *Opbelia*, fear it my dear sister,

"And keep you in the rear of your affection,

"Out of the shot and danger of desire:

"The charest maid is prodigal enough,

"If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:

500 540 "Virtue it self escapes not calumnious strokes;

"The canker galls the infant of the Spring

"Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

"And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

"Contagious blastments are most imminent.

"Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,

"Youth to it self rebels though none else near.

Opbel. I shall the Effect of this good Lesson keep,

1676 540 "About my heart: But good brother

Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,

Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whiles like a Libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

"And reaks not his own reed.

[Enter Polonius.

Laer. O fear me not;

I stay too long: "but here my Father comes.

"A double blessing is a double grace,

"Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polo. Yet here, *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame,

"The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

"And you are staid for. There, my blessing with thee,

"And these few precepts in thy memory

"Look thou Character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,

"Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

"Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,

"Grapple them unto thy Soul with hoops of steel,

"But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

"Of each new hatch't, unfledg'd courage: beware

"Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

"Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee:

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;

"Take each man's Censure, but reserve thy judgment:

"Costly

Oct 17 1876

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532

1st of the year

23 } infant 24.5-2.4
23 }

(1876)

Abont

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watchmen

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1876

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1876

1876

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

13

538 573 "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
"But not exprest in fancy; rich, nor gaudy;
"For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
"And they in France of the best rank and station,
"Are of a most select and generous, chief in that:

X "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
"For love oft loses both it self and friend,
500 580 "And borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.

X "This above all, to thine own self be true,

X "And it must follow as the night to day,

X "Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"Farewel, my blessing season this in thee.

1612 Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well

- What I have said to you.

Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,

320 540 And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you: and you your self

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you

600 602 You do not understand your self so clearly

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders

Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh, you speak like a green girl;--

Unfitted in such perillous circumstance:

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your self a baby,

700 616 That you have ta'ne these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling: tender your self more dearly,

X Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

X Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

X Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech,

My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.

800 620 Pol. I springes to catch Wood-cocks; I know

When the blood burns how prodigally the soul

2.5.26

X 2.2. Fike

2.2. F. Love

X 2.6

X 5.2. F. inverts

[Exit Laertes.]

Lends!

The Tragedy of

58-64 Lends the tongue vows, "these blazes, daughter,
 "Giving more light than heat; Extinct in both,
 "Even in their promise, as it is a making,
 (247) "You must not take't for fire: from this time
 "Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
 "Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 "Than a command to parley; for Lord Hamlet,
 "Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 64-65 "And with a larger tedder may he walk
 "Than may be given you: in few, *Opelia*,
 "Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
 "Not of that dye which their Investments shew,
 "But meer Implo^rators of unholy suits,
 "Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 "The better to beguile: this is for all,
 "I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 Have you so slander any moments leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,
 Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

600 640 *Opel.* I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hora. I heard it not: (it then draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of Trum-
 pets and Guns.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walk to night, and takes his rowse,

"Keeps wassel, and the swagging up spring reels;

And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,

The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim (1676)

The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance:

"This heavy-headed revel East and West

"Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;

"They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase

"Soil our addition: and indeed it takes

"From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

"The pith and marrow of our attribute:

"So oft it chances in particular men,

"That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,

"As

10:55

On 10:52
74
10:50

to be 24-6
tot.

23 }

mit. Indeed. MC (absolute base)
(? rest)

(24-6) walk. 22 wake (1676) takes drains
wake 21
proceeding 71
1676) 22
gray out 22
drains
deans

as have 24 (22) 22

the
year
1900
in 1900
1900

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

15

167 167 " As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 " (Since Nature cannot choose his origin)
 150 600 " By their o're-growth of some complexion,
 " Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 " Or by some habit that too much o're-leavens
 " The form of Plausible manners, that these men
 " Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
 " Being Natures livery, or Fortunes star,
 " His virtues else be they as pure as grace,
 " As infinite as man may undergo,
 " Shall in the general Censure take corruption
 " From that particular fault: the dram of ease
 640 670 " Doth all the Noble substance of a doubt
 " To his own scandal.

[Enter Ghost.]

Hor. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!

167 167 " Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 " Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 " Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 " Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 " That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
 " King, Father, royal Dane: O answer me,
 " Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

650 700 " Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
 " Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulchre,
 " Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 " Has op't his ponderous and marble jaws,

167 167 " To cast thee up again: „ what may this mean
 That thou dead coarst again in complete steel:
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
 Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Beckons.]

660 710 Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

4 Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a remote ground,
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak, then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the fear?

I do not value my life:

And for my Soul what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as it self?

It

(74)

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the floods, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,

"That bettels o're his bale into the Sea,

And there allume some other form,

"Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

"And draw you into madness? "think of it,

"The very place puts toys of desperation

"Without more motive, into every brain,

"That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,

"And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,

"Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean Lions Nerve:

Still I am call'd; unhand me, Gentlemen,

I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He grows desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hora. Heaven will discover it.

"*Mar.* Nay let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames

Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas! poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away; But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

K regio unfeeling attitude

36 - flods . flods .

1 - flods . flods .

1 - flods . flods .

20 - flods .

21 - flods .

22 - flods .

23 - flods .

24 - flods .

25 - flods .

26 - flods .

27 - flods .

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32 - flods .

33 - flods .

34 - flods .

35 - flods .

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700 776 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh, and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. O Heaven!

730 780 Ghost. Revenge his soul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is:

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't; that I with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

"And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

"That roots it self in ease on Lethe's wharf,

760 790 "Would'st thou not stir in this: " now Hamlet hear,

"Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden

A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused: but know thou, Noble Youth,

The Serpent that did sting thy Father's heart

Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick Soul, my Uncle?

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

750 800 "With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,

"O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power

"So to seduce! " won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.

O Hamlet, what a falling off was there

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage? and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine; " but vertue, as it never will be mov'd,

"Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;

60 810 "So vice, though to a radiant angel link't,

"Will fort it self in a celestial bed,

"And prey on garbage.

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air,

Brief let me be: sleeping in my Garden,

My Custom always of the Afternoon,

D

Upon

The Tragedy of

181

816 74

Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me ~~sent~~

With juyce of curfed Hebona in a Vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leprous distilment, whose Effects

8207 Hold such an enmity with blood of man,

That swift as Quick-silver it courses through

The natural gates and allies of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth possess

" And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesom blood; so did it mine,

And a most instant Tetter barkt about

Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust

All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,

8373 " Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

" Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,

" No reckoning made, but sent to my account

" With all my imperfections on my head.

? *Horrible* " O horrible, O horrible, most horrible,

If thou hast Nature in thee bear it not,

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.

But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,

8400 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design

Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,

The Glo-worm shews the morning to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Farewel, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?

" And shall I couple hell? O fie! „ hold hold my heart,

And you my sinews grow not instant old,

8400 But bear me strongly up; remember thee!

I, thou poor Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat

In this distracted Globe: remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

8400 All Registers of books, all forms and pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixt with baser matter; yes, by heaven.

8410 O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling villain!

8412 My tables, meet it is I set down,

That

Sam $\frac{2}{1} \frac{1}{2}$ } Fi Sh.
General adu. adu. $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ Fi.

come and come $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$. Fi come bird come
Fi come

How what was my lord? ($\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ Fi.)

Fi come by Heaven ($\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ Fi.)

As he the $\frac{2}{1}$ } He mean my lord
 $\frac{2}{2}$ } He mean.

He mean in $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ by the line } Fi mean and it - He mean

in the right $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ the

He mean in $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ the line and it has it the line

Fi mean in the line and it has it the line

unit $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ whirling }
 $\frac{2}{2}$ whirling }
Fi whirling }

He mean in the line (Fi) | $\frac{2}{1} \frac{2}{2}$ He mean in the line and it has it the line

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

830 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
So Uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is farewell, remember me.
I have sworn't.

[Enter Horatio and Martellus.]

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

840 Hor. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come and come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

850 Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret.

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's never a villain

Dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an Arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,

And so without more circumstance at all

860 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You as your business and desire shall point you;

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and for my own poor part

I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,

Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

870 Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too: touching this vision here,

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;

For your desire to know what is between us

O're-master't as you may: and now, good friends,

As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

880 Ham. Nay but swear't.

910 *860* *Ham.* In faith, my Lord, not I. *Hor.* Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the Selleridge,

Consent to swear

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

918 *870* *Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique, then we'll shift our ground:

Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my Sword:

Swear by my Sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his Sword.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work i'th' earth so fast?

920 *880* A worthy Pioneer, once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,

Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,

Here as before; never, so help you mercy,

(How strange or odd so e're I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,

To put an antick disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumbred thus, or head thus shak't,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,

Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you know ought of me, this you must swear,

"So grace and mercy at your most need help you."

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen

With all my love I do commend me to you,

930 *900* And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is

May do t'express his love and friendship to you

Shall never fail, let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,

940 *910* The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight,

That

(110)

18. I'm bring out the sword out of the sheath at the end

17

3

hither, hither hither 21. 22. F.

F1. counts. 875. 876. (22 as in text)

F1. runs by his sword (22 as in text)

879. count words in the text? So fast. (21)
- - - with the text. - 22
- - - in the ground.

young 3. 21. 22 (F1 runs)

87. head then shake. 21. or the head shake.
F1. or then, head shake.

892 and 9. (all 3).

2 of the right - (and all 3)

the present case of this is the 21. 22 this is the case. F.

896. 21. & F1 must have

891. present. 22. (pending)

892. shall never fail.

10/10/10

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10/10/10

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

21

That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay come, let's go together.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Polonius with his Man.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make enquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said, look you Sir,

Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*,

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expence: and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my Son, come you more near,

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his father, and his friends,

And in part him: Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. I very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,

But if it be he I mean, he's very wild,

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so Rank

As may dishonour him, take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the Charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency,

That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood

Of general assault.

Rey.

30 "Rey. But, my good Lord.

"Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

40 "Rey. I, my Lord, I would know that.

"Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,

"And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

"You laying these slight sullies on my Son,

"As 'twere a thing a little soil'd with working,

* X "Mark you your party in converse, he you would sound,

"Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

"The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

"He closes with you in this consequence;

"Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,

50 "According to the phrase or the addition

"Of man and Country.

"Rey. Very good, my Lord.

"Pol. And then, Sir, does he this, he does: what was I about to say?

"By the Mass I was about to say something,

"Where did I leave?

* "Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence; I marry,

"He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,

60 "I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,

"Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

"There was he gaming there, or took in's rowse,

"There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

* "I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,

"Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,

"Your bait of falshood takes this Carp of truth,

"And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

"With windleses, and with essays of byas,

* "By indirects find directions out:

"So by my former Lecture and advice

70 "Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not?

"Rey. My Lord, I have.

"Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.

o "Rey. Good, my Lord.

"Pol. Observe his inclination in your self.

"Rey. I shall, my Lord.

"Pol. And let him ply his Mulick.

"Rey. Well, my Lord.

"Pol. Farewell. „ How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

80 "Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

* "Pol. With what?

"Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my closet,

Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,

No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,

80 "Ungartred, and down-gyved to his ankle,

Old R. Del L. Low L.

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1/4

622. E. m. 1/4

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7/20 22
to put in pump
to get out of bed

7/21 22
to put in pump

7/23 22
to put in pump

7/25 22
to put in pump

7/27 22
to put in pump

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22

7/29 22
to put in pump

22
to put in pump

7/31 22
to put in pump

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

23

85- Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitious
As if he had been sent from hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

90- Oph. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it: long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
100- He raised a sigh so pitious and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very extasie of love,

110- "Whose violent property foregoes it self;
"And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
"As oft as any passion under heaven
"That does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:

120- "I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
"I had not quoaded him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
"And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy;
"By heaven it is as proper to our Age
"To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
"As it is common for the younger sort
"To lack discretion: "Come, go with me to the King,
This must be known; which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

130- King. Welcome good Rosencraus and Guildenstern,
Besides, that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke

[Exeunt.]

Our

Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, so call it; -
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: what it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself

10 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
"And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,

15 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies

15 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That dies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adhears; if it will please you
To shew us so much gentleness and good will,
As to employ your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Rof. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereign power you have over us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks Rosencraus and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencraus.

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son: go some of you;
And bring these Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.

[Exeunt Rof. and Guil.]

Enter Polonius.

170 "Pol. Th' Embassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

"King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

"Pol. Have I, my Lord? I assure my good Liege

"I hold my duty as I hold my Soul;

"Both to my God, and to my gracious King:

"And" I do think, or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure.

As

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you have heard

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F. M. J. J.

low 2. Mar 20. J

So 2. Mar 20. J

P. M. J. J.

P. M. J. J. 2. Mar 20. J

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

25

177 As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

X 180 — Pol. Give first admittance to the Embassadors.

" My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

" King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

" He tells me, my dear Gertrud, he hath found

" The head and source of all your Sons distemper.

" Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,

" His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

" King. Well, we shall lift him : welcome my good friends :

" Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

" Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires :

190 " Upon our first he sent out to suppress

" His Nephews lives, which to him appear'd

" To be a preparation 'gainst the Pollack,

" But better lookt into, he truly found

" It was against your Highness; whereat griev'd

" That so his sickness, age, and impotence

" Was falsly born in hand, sends out arrests

" On Fortinbras, which he in brief obeys,

" Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,

" Makes vow before his Uncle, never more

200 " To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty,

" Whereon old Norway overcome with joy,

" Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in Annual fee,

" And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers

" So levied as before, against the Pollack,

" With an entreaty herein further shown,

" That it might please you to give quiet pass

" Through your Dominions for this enterprize,

" On such regards of safety and allowance

" As herein are set down.

210 " King. It likes us well,

" And at our more considered time we'll Read,

" Answer, and think upon this Business :

" Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,

" Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together :

" Most welcome home.

[Exeunt Embassadors,

" Pol. This Business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time ;

Were nothing but to wait night, day, and time ;

Therefore brevity is the Soul of wit,

220 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes :

273 I will be brief: your noble Son is mad,
Mad call I it? for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let the

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all,
That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,
275 And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Consider.

I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,

276 Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.

To the Celestial and my Souls Idol, the most Beautified Ophelia. *[Reads.]*
an ill phrase, a vile phrase; Beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall bear,
thus in her excellent white bosom, These &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are fire,
Doubt that the Sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

Letter.

277 O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my
groans; but that I love thee best, O most best believe it: Adieu. Thine
evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him,
Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,

And more concerning his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

"All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

278 Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so; but what might you think

"When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

"As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)

"Before my daughter told me; what might you

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,

If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book,

"Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

O: lookt upon this love with idle sight,

279 What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And

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so g. must be 22.5. put here here. 2 units.

(12.6)
1637)

2.6 units. 2.6 units.
2.6 units. 2.6 units.

some of these to 21676)

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only 5 for 22.23. (24.25.26.27)
you 12)
only 4 of these F2 F3 F4 (2.6)

made
50 p 26
22-5. persons

there are 4. 17-4

now 29 p.

the 29.
the 29-5)

2nd line wire

teach with, 17-4

That's

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

271

And my Young Mistress thus I charg'd:
 Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy sphere,
 This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no tokens,
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 "Thence to a watch, then into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
 Into the madness wherein he now raves,
 And all we mourn for.

272

280

King. Do you think 'tis this? 5. 2. 6

Queen. It may be very likely. 5. 2. 6

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that,
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

290

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together
 Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
 Be you and I behind the Arras then, 5. 2. 6
 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a State,
 But keep a Farm and Carters.

300

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away,
 I'll board him presently. Oh give me leave.

[Exit King and Queen.]

"How does my good Lord Hamlet?

"Ham. Excellent well. 5. 2. 6

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

310

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, to be honest as this world goes,
 Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

315

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good
 kissing

318 kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

320 Ham. Let her not walk i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my Daughter, yet he knew
326 me not at first, but said I was a Fish-monger, he is far gone; and truly
in my youth I suffered much extremity for Love, very near this: P'le speak
328 to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

330 Ham. Slanders Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue says here, that old men
have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their Eyes purging thick
Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit,
together with most weak hams, all which, Sir, though I most powerfully
and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down,
for your self, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go
backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't, will you walk
out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

340 Pol. Indeed that's out of the Air; how pregnant sometimes his replies
are! a happiness that often madness hits on, "Which reason and sanctity
346 "could not so happily be delivered of." I will leave him and my daugh-
347 ter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will (not) more willing-
ly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious, old fools.

349 Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. Save you, Sir.

350 Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou Guildenstern?

Ah Rosencraus, good lads, how do you both?

"Ros. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

354 "Guil. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap.

"We are not the very button.

"Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe.

"Ros. Neither, my Lord.

"Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours.

356 "Guil. Faith her privates we.

"Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a Strumpet."

357 What news?

358 Ros. None, my Lord, but the world's grown honest.

Ham.

Under pressure of children now below on R side.

x. July 15

he said (2g ^{FF}
a mid 2g)

FF you yourself. humble FF.

sanity FF

moderately 2g FF.

Distinction

A and my daughter is 2g mod [seemingly contains the means of meeting between
him and]

FF by (honorable bid) Ditch (just humble) to the 2g

very FF /

100 as you

FF overlapping Feb 21-5. esp. 26. FF.

FF What the news

FF but that the

Baroness L. G. G. R.

Let me question to — disregard attended
~~But as the book is not yet published~~ only a Pf (29 must)

but you need 225
Pf.

Faint 22nd.

a kly (Pf)

2 Pf processed So 2.10.6.
could have Pf can 29.

Pf finally
on a paper (ins. like a 29) Pf 29.

The claim — see only in Pf.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

29

364. *Ham.* Then is Dooms-day near : sure your news is not true.
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfenour* ?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you,
"and sure dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half penny : " were you
not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, *do 25.*
come deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.

370. *Guil.* What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to th^e purpose you were sent for, and there is a
kind of confession in your Looks, which your Modesties have not craft
enough to colour : I know the good King and Queen have sent for
you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me conjure you by the rights
of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our Youth, by the obligation of
our ever preferred love, and by what more dear, a better proposer and
charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent
for or no.

Ros. What say you?

380. *Ham.* Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your dis-
covery, and your secrecie to the King and Queen moult no feather : I
have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone
all custome of exercises ; "and indeed, it goes so heavily with my
"disposition," that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a steil
promontory ; this most excellent Canopy the Air look you, this brave
390. 400. 410. 420. 430. 440. 450. 460. 470. 480. 490. 500. 510. 520. 530. 540. 550. 560. 570. 580. 590. 600. 610. 620. 630. 640. 650. 660. 670. 680. 690. 700. 710. 720. 730. 740. 750. 760. 770. 780. 790. 800. 810. 820. 830. 840. 850. 860. 870. 880. 890. 900. 910. 920. 930. 940. 950. 960. 970. 980. 990. 1000.
424-6. *Q're-hang'd* firmament, this Majestical roof fretted with golden fire,
why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregati-
on of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how Noble in reason !
429. how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and ad-
mirable ! in Action, how like an Angel ! in apprehensions, the beauty
of the World, the paragon of Animals ; and yet to me, what is this
quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither,
though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

430. *Ham.* Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me ?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten
Entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on the
way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have
tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target, the
lover shall not sigh *Gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace,
and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.
What Players are they ?

440. *Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in the, Trage-
dians of the City.

Ham.

411 Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

420 Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[A flourish.]

2107 Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elfenour, your hands: come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is Fashion and Ceremony, let me ~~comply with you in this garb~~, "lest my extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome:" but my Uncle-father, and Aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

430 Ham. I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw. [Enter Polonius.]

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

440 Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer, that great Baby as you ~~see~~ is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a Child.

529 Ham. I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You say right, Sir, a Munday morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

440 Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

2107 Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, individable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of wit and Liberty: these are the only men.

450 Ham. O *Jeptba* Judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jeptba*?

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

"Ham.

they are 17. 22-5 are they 29 unit 'homework' - Remedy and his
of the ... (found in Ft)

Pf moves = moves.

Blond (29) on 17.

29 Pf. There are the players.

and you see there is.

1) trial - historical - legal - historical - perfect only on 17. 29 unit
and the unit (29 Pf)

24.25 2.6 unit the speaker Part of you at the 2.
than the other side.

X

Burich. 2.5 Pms. Chauson.

F1 Pms Chauson
F2 Pms — (2.6)
2. 3rdy ballet

(solar)
2. 3rdy ballet

F1 2. French

Carrey F1. 2.
cautley F2

2. F1 tail 2. 3rdy ballet
2. F1 Waler
2. F1 Waler

Unbrich 2. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

[Unbrich] F1 2.
not m. 2. 3.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

31

457 "Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass;
"as most like it was: the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more;
for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

460 Ham. You are welcome, Masters, welcome all, "I am glad to see
"thee well, welcome good friends;" oh old friend! why thy face is
valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?
what my young Lady and Mistress! my Lady your Ladiship is nearer
to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I
wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt with-
in the ring: Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't like friend-
ly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech straight, come
give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate Speech.

Players. What Sheech, my good Lord?

470 Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted,
or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased not
the million, 'twas a Caviary to the general, "but it was as I re-
ceived it and others, whole judgements in such matters cried in the
"top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down
"with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were
"no Sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter
"in the phrase that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd
"it an honest method, as wholsome as sweet, and by very much more
"handsome than fine;" one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas Aeneas
talk to Dido, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Pri-
am's slaughter, if it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see,
let me see, the rugged Pyrrhus like th' Hircanian Beast, 'tis not, it be-
gins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose fable Arms,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
"When he lay couched in th' ominous horse,
"Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
"With Heraldry more difmal head to foot:

"Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
"Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
"To their Lord's murder, roasted in wrath and fire,
"And thus o're-cifed with coagulate gore,
"With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
"Old granfire Priam seeks; so proceed you.

Pol. My Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion;
So proceed.

477 Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks, his antick Sword;
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal matcht,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,

But:

583 But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls.

X
" Seeming to fell this blow, with flaming top
" Stoops to his bale, and with a hideous crash
" Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear : for loe his Sword,
" Which was declining on the milky head
" Of reverend *Priam* seem'd i'th Air to stick,
570 " So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
" Like a neutral to his will and matter,
" Did nothing :

But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the Heavens, the racks stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
A rowled vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
520 On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With less remorse, than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune! " all you Gods
" In general Synod take away her Power,
" Break all the Spokes and Felloes from her Wheel,
" And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
" As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

530 *Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your Beard : prethee say on, he's for
a Jig, or a tale of Bawdry, or he Sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen !

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames,
A clout upon that head

X
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o're-teamed loyns,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.

540 " Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep,
" Against Fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd :
" But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
" When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
" In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbs,
" The instant burst of clamour that she made,
" Unless things mortal move them not at all,
" Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
" And passion in the Gods.

549 *Pol.* Look where he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's Eyes :
prethee no more.

Ham.

Oct 2

18

[*Thin layer (sp. thin)*] Fx on in 2g.

[with *hymen* them] Fx 2g (subst)

June 1st 1892

August 1st 1892

1892

1892

1892

570. 1892. 7. 1892

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April. 1892. 7. 1892

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

33

550 *Ham.* 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed, do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity, the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

560 *Ham.* Follow him, friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; do't thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have't to morrow night; you could for need study a speech of some dozen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

Pol. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elfenour*.

[*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*
[*Exit.*

Ref. Good my Lord.

570 *Ham.* I so, God buy to you; now am I alone,

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his Soul so to his own conceit,

That from her working all the visage wand,

Tears in his Eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*?

580 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weep for her? what would he do

Had he the motive, and that for passion

That I have? he would "brown the stage with tears,

"And cleave the general Ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,

"Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

"The very faculties of Eyes and Ears; yet I,

"A dull and muddy minded raskal, peak

"Like *John*-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

590 "And can say nothing, no not for a King,

"Upon whose property and most dear life

"A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?

"Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,

600 "Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,

F

"Twice

The Tragedy of

615 — I weake me by the Nose, gives me the Eye I th' Throat
As deep as to the Lungs, who does me this?
Hah? wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lack Gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
60 — I should have fatted all the region Kites
With this Slaves Offal: "bloody, bawdy villain,
"Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain."
"Why what an Ails am I, this is more brave,
"That I the Son of a dear Father murder'd
"Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
"Must like a Whore unpack my heart with words,
"And fall a cursing like a very drab, scallion, he upon't, *from 160 Pr 20*
"About my brains," "Hum, I have heard
That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,
Been strook so to the Soul, that presently,
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
For Murder, though it have no Tongue will speak
"With most miraculous Organ," I'll have these Players
Play something like the Murthers of my Father
Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
"I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
"I know my course." The Spirit that I have seen,
May be a Devil, and the Devil hath power
610 — To assume a pleasing shape, "yes and perhaps
"Out of my weakness and my melancholly,
"As he is very potent with such Spirits,
"Abuses me to damn me;" I'll have grounds
620 — More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans,
Guildenstern, Lords.*

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of Conference
Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
"Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
"With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
7 Gil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But

Fi by th. 22 by the.
4' th. 50 22 Fi.

2'K. 50 22 Fr.

Edward S. Rogers

∧ T_1 must acceptance. (2 1/2 min)

F_1 mass 0 acceptance. F_1 of dense mountain. 2) The same day I accepted
604 of dense mountain. F_1 of dense mountain. I should take a station 2.

station 2, union 22 station F. S. Station.

(h²) f₁ Aus - arch.

Station ~~for~~ Brains.

heins 22 heins Tybraine.

by F_1 if he had blush. 22 if a don blush.

big. May be deals and the deals have power 2.

- the Pinell : — Divide — — F.

No 9 inch 21,

1000 Lf.
1000 Lf.

assay 2g Ff. -

re-raught 2g re-raught P.F. 2

draw him on to Ff
into 2g.

A couple reports (Ff) 2g and
a family (2.5g)

in 1/2 p. 1000, 1. 1/2 p. 1000,
Went to the 1000. 1/2 p. 2g.

But with a crafty Madnes keeps aloof

"When we would bring him on to some confession

"Of his true Estate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most friendly.

Gail. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it is told out that certain Players

We o're-took on the way: of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it; they are here about the Court,

And as I think they have already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,

And he beseech me to intreat your Majesties

To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,

And it doth much content me,

To hear him so inclin'd:

Good Gentlemen give him a further Edge,

And urge him to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[Exit Ros. and Guild.]

King. Sweet Gertrude leave us two,

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he as 'twere by accident may meet

Opbelia here; her father and my self,

Will so bestow our selves, that seeing and unseen

We may of their encounter judge,

"And gather by him as he is behav'd.

If it be the Affliction of his Love or no

"That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my part, Opbelia, I do wish

That your good Beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness, so shall I hope your Vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your Honours.

Opbel. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Opbelia, walk you here whilst we

(If for your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd; "read on this Book,

That shew of such an exercise may colour

"Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this,

"'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage,

"And pious Action, we do sugar o're

"The Devil himself.

The Tragedy of

55 King. O 'tis too true:

"How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Conscience

"The harlots check beautied with plausive Art,

"Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,

"Than is my deed to my most painted word:

60 "O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw, my Lord

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the question,

Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a Sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them: to die to sleep //

No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation

70 Devoutly to be wish'd, to dye to sleep,

To sleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub,

For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal-coil

Must give us pause, there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,

The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurs

620 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

When as himself might his Quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To groan and sweat under a weary life?

But that the dread of something after Death,

The undiscover'd Country, from whose born

No traveller returns, puzzles the will

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than flie to others that we know not of.

Thus conscience does make cowards,

And thus the healthful face of resolution

Shews sick and pale with thought:

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,

The fair Ophelia, Nymph, in thy Orizons

Be all my sins remembered?

Ophel. Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed to re-deliver,

1 long (23 ff)

[Enter Hamlet]

[Exit Hamlet]

2. 4. 5. 6

ground Ff 2

Upper all (2. ff) and 2

2 ff [Exit Hamlet]

from here

When Le F/ 223. on 2-25.

noted here. Ph-2g.
translated over into the pale cast of thought.

11th St
W. 1st
1st St

11th St
W. 1st
1st St

^ ? receipt

11th St

11th St

11th St

102 pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you night.

Opel. My honoured Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words, of so sweet breath composed,
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

110 Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Opel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Opel. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Opel. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
Than with honesty.

120 Ham. I truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty
from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty
to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proof, I did love you once.

Opel. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so evacuate
our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Opel. I was the more deceived.

130 Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have
thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act
them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and
Heaven? we are Arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a Nun-
nery? Where's your Father?

Opel. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,

That he may play the Fool no where but in's own house:
Farewell.

Opel. O help him you Sweet Heavens.

140 Ham. If thou do'st Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy dowry, be
thou as Chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not scape calumny, get
thee to a Nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a Fool,
for wifemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a
Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.

Opel. Heavenly Powers restore him.

148 Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath
given you one face, and you make your selves another, you jig and
Amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath
made

made me mad : I say we will have no more marriages, those that are
150 Married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are / to
a Nunnery go.

Opbel. O what a Noble mind is here & how known
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
Th' expectation and Rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,

160 " That sucked the honey of his Musick vows;
Now see that Noble and most Sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatched Form and stature of blown Youth
Blasted with Excess. O where is he
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

170 Enter King and Polonius.
King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lack form & health,
Was not like Madness, there's something in it,
O're which his melancholly sits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the disclosure
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quick determination

180 Thus set down: he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something feeling matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating
Puts him thus from Fashion of himself,
What think you on't?

190 Pol. It shall do well:
But yet I do believe the Origen and Commencement of it,
Sprung from neglected Love: how now Opbel?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother alone entreat him
To shew his grief: let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or Confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so.
Madness in great ones must not unwatcht go.

200 Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.
"Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounce it to you,
" smoothly

Oct III 161.

14 1/2

1 1/2

16 1/2 15

previous Pp. station 29.

do doubt Pp. 29.

in 6 previous 29 Pp. F₁. F₂ on for
F₃. F₄ knots.

Now set it down (22 23 Ft) 24.25 2.6 mit-

April so 24 25 26 Pp. 22 23 of his gear.

all above Pp. 29.

unmarked 28 Ff. 29 unmarked.

Am. Re. III 62

Fp 2g teaching on

SS

line do 2, 2-5. F. F. 2.
26 F. 3 F. line

1/2 to 1/3 of 1/2 on 2. 676

1/2 2g: P. could

in run Fp

small but Fp 2g

2. 676.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

39

12.15.5
X194 "smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Play-
"ers do, I had as live the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw
"the Air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the
"very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion
"you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it smoothness:
"O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robbustious Periwig-pated fel-
"low, tear a passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the ground-lings,
"who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
"shews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing *Te-*
"magant, it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

"Play. I warrant your Honour.

200 "Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your
"Tutor; sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with
"this special observance, that you o're-keep not the modesty of Nature
"for any thing so o're-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end
"both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to
"Nature, to shew Vertue her feature, scorn her own image, and the
"very Age and Body of the time his form and prellure: now this over-
"done, or come tardy of, though it makes the Unskilful laugh, can-
"not but make the Judicious grieve; the Censure of which one
"must in your Allowance o're-weigh a whole Theatre of others. O
"there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise,
"and that highly, not to speak it Profanely, that neither having
"the Accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor
"Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of
"Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they
"220 imitated Humanity so abominably.

"Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

30 "Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns
"speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that
"will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to
"laugh too, though in the mean time some Necessary question of the Play
"be then to be considered: that's Villanous, and shews a most pitiful am-
"35 bition in the Fool that uses it: go, make you ready." How now, my
"Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

230 Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I, my Lord.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e're my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord,

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee:

X239 That halt no Revenue but thy good Spirits.

To

Hamlet
The Tragedy of

240 To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be battered?
"No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd pomp,
"And crook the pregnant hinges of the Knee
"Where thrift may follow fawning, do'st thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
And could of Men distinguish her Election,
1.29.1 Sh'ash fear'd thee for her self: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
"Haste ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those
250 "Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commedled
That they are not a Pipe for fortune's finger,
"To sound what Stop she please: give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, I, in my heart of hearts
As I do thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death;
I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
260 Even with the very Comment of my Soul
Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
Do not it self discover in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
"And my imaginations are as foul
"As Vulcan's stithy: give him heedful note,
For I mine Eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our Judgments joyn
In censure of his seeming.
270.1 Hora. Well, my Lord,
If he steal ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detection, I will pay the theft.
Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.
Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.
Get you a place
King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet
Ham. Excellent i'faith,
Of the Camelions dish I Eat the Air,
Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet,
280 These words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord.
You play'd once in the Univerity, you try.
Pol. That did I, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.
Ham. What did you Enact?
Pol. I did Enact Julius Caesar, I was kill'd Pith Capitol,
286 Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Handwritten: $\text{Handwritten } C, \text{ Ab. L. } \text{Handwritten } R, C \text{ back L- after } D$

consumed Et.
consumed Lg.

Long delay - could not find

17th Dec 1967 stay after Lg Fp

? why omitted in 1967? - not in F? Opnd Lg Fp

Cont. p 37. line = line = line ^{line} out-line = out-line.
Lg Lg Lg Fp.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

41

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capital a Calf there.
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I, my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's metal more Attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Opbel. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Opbel. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids legs.

Opbel. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Opbel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Opbel. I, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker, what should a man do but be merry: for look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two hours.

Opbel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables: O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great Mans Memory may out-lieve his his Life half a year: but he must build Churches then, "or else shall he suffer not thinking, "on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sound.

Dumb shew follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen Embracing him, and he ber, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, he lies him down upon a bank of flowers, she seeing him asleep, leaves him: Anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleepers Ears, and leaves him; the Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate Action; the Poisoner with some three or four comes in again, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the Poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts Love.

Opbel. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching *Mallico*, it means mischief.

Opbel. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

[*Enter Prologue.*]

The Players cannot keep, they'll shew all straight.

Opbel. Will he shew us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Opbel. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

G

Ham.

325 Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poësie of a Ring?

Opbel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

al 2 *Queen* Ham. As womens Love

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath Phæbus Cart gone round

"Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orb'd the Ground,

330 "And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen

"About the World have twelve times thirty been,

Since love our Hearts, and Hymen did our hands

Unite, infolding them in Sacred bands.

Queen. So many jourmies may the Sun and Moon

Make us again count o're e're love be done :

But woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far different from your former State,

That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.

340 For women fear too much, even as they Love,

"And womens fear and Love hold quantity,

"Either none, in neither ought, or in Extremity.

Now what my Love has been, proof makes you know,

And as my Love is great, my fear is so :

Where Love is great, the smallest doubts are fear ;

Where little fears grow great, great Love grows there.

King. I must leave thee, Love; and shortly too,

My working powers their functions leave to do,

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

350 Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind

For Husband shalt thou.

Queen. O confound the rest!

Such Love must needs be Treason in my breast:

In second Husband let me be accurst,

None wed the Second but who kill'd the first:

The instances that Second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift but none of Love :

"A second time I kill my Husband dead,

"When second Husband kisses me in bed.

360 -King. I do believe you think what now you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break,

Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent Birth and poor validity;

Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:

What to our selves in passion we propose,

The passion ending doth the purpose lose;

370 "The violence of either grief or joy

" Their

3

11

Aug 11 1882

57.

17

74 lines

the can of 213

371

"Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
"Where joy most revels grief doth most lament:
"Grief joy, joy griefs on slender Accident.
This world is not for Aye, nor is it strange,
That even our Loves should with our Fourtunes change :

380

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead fortune, or else fortune Love,
"The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
"The poor Advanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
"And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
"For who not needs shall never lack a Friend,
"And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
"Directly seasons him his Enemy.

390

"But orderly to end where I begun,
"Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
"That our devices still are overthrown :
"Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed,
But thy thoughts dye when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,

"To desperation turn my trust and hope,
"And Anchors cheer in prison be my scope,
"Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
"Meet what I would have well, and it destroy ;

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, *[Ham. If she should
If once I widow be, and then a wife. [break it now.*

King. 'Tis deeply Sworn : sweet leave me here a while.
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

400

The tedious day with sleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain.

[Exeunt.

Ham. Madam how like you this Play?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.

King. What do you call the Play?

410

Ham. The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically. This Play is the image
of a Murder done in Vienna, Ganzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
you shall see anon, 'tis a Knavish piece of work, but what of that? your
Majesty and we shall have free Souls, it touches not us; let the galled jade
winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the
King.

[Enter Lucianus.

Opbel. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love
If I could see the puppets dallying.

417

418 *Opel.* You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine Edge. *S. 2*

Opel. Still worle and worle.

420 *Ham.* So you mistake your Husbands. "Begin Murtherer, leave thy
"damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for
"revenge. *S. 2*

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, and no Creature seeing,

Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected

With Hecats bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholesome lifts usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'th Garden for his Estate, his name's Gonzago,
the story is extant, and written in very-choice Italian: you shall see Anon
how the Murther gets the Love of Gonzago's Wife.

Opel. The King rises.

Queen. How fairs, my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights, [Exeunt all but Hamlet and Hora.]

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,

The Hart ungalled go Play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleep,

Thus runs the World away. "Would not this Sir, and a forrest of fea-

"thers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn Turk with me, with provincial

"Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a Fellowship in a City of Players?

"*Hora.* Half a share.

"*Ham.* A whole one, I

"For thou do'st know O Damon dear

"This Realm dismantled was

"Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

"A very very Peacock.

450 *Hora.* You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio; I'll take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound.
Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talking of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well, note him.

Ham. Ah, ha, come some Musick, come the Recorders,

"For if the King likes not the Comedy,

"Why then besike he likes it not perdie.

"Come, some Musick.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern

Guil. Good, my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. I Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham.

$\frac{5+2}{3}$

betten und wasser 2g f/ ~~100~~ 100 f/ in 2g.

So 29. If must be husband.
2, must take poor husband.

2, must take your husband.

Life ~~29~~ all white

months. 2.2.

Trickan 2.1, Thothkan 2.2 2.3 S. 2.4 2.5.

47 Provincula 29. (17 mit)

fajrich *Pispa* *pavich* 22232425
paviche *Pi.* 2.6
pavich 2.076

parachute Fr. 2.6

period 2, 576

tab FF. 29.

alter 88 ^{rather Fp}
monitor 2g Fi. man. R. 4.
affair Ft. 2g. ^{1 ter Ff)}

shike F1-3)

Fp to S. 2 do
your cause 1 Ft 2g.

465. Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self Richer to signifie this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

470. Guil. Good, my Lord, put your discourse into some frame.
And start not so wildly from my business,

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother in most great Affliction of Spirit hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good, my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers Commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

480. Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my Mother you say.

525. Ros. Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet e're you go to bed.

490. Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did Love me.

525. Ham. And do still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good, my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your Succession in Denmark?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

500. Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something musty - oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

509. Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most Eloquent musick: look you these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I Command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much musick, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by;

They fool me to the top of my bent. "I will come by and by;

"Leave me, friends.

"I will say so. By and by is easily said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to the World: now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such business as day it self

Would quake to look on: I oft, now to my mother,

O heart lose not thy Nature! let not ever

The Soul of Nero enter this firm Bosom!

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

"My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites;

"How in my words soever she be shent,

"To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

[Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range; therefore prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you,

The terms of our Estate may not endure

Hazzard so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his brows.

Guil. We will our selves provide;

Most

2.23 the number

2.23 (sub) 7/6/97

F. 1/2. Sunday's.

Look after himself on the day 1/2
recess on the better day 2/4.

? Good. Not here. Act II

be not many many,

Q. 12 3

~~Q. 12 3~~

3

Q. 12 3

~~Q. 12 3~~

ff case

1 with ~~ff~~

My Lord 2g. ff.

know ff. 2g. ff. 5)

can I not ff. 2g.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

47.

555. Most Holy and Religious fear it is

To keep those many Bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

"Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound

"With all the Strength and Armour of the mind

560. To keep it self from Noyance, but much more

"That Spirit upon whose weal depends and rests

"The lives of many: the cels of Majesty

"Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw

"What's near it with it: for it is a massie wheel,

570. Fixt on the Sommet of the highest mount,

"To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

"Are morteis'd and adjoyn'd, which when it falls,

"Each small annexment, petty Consequence

"Attends the boistrous rain, never alone

570. "Did the King sigh, but a general groan.

King. Arm you I pray you to this speedy Voyage,

For we will fetters put about this fear

Which now goes too free footed.

Ros. We will make haste.

[Exeunt Gent.]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. he's going to his mother's Closet,

Ben. Arras I'll convey my self

To hear the Process, I'll warrant she'll tax him home;

And as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,

580. Since nature makes them partial, should o're-hear,

Their speech; fare you well, my Liege,

I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,

And tell you what I hear.

526

[Exit.]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

O my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven,

It hath the Eldest curse upon't;

A brother's Murther: pray I cannot,

521076

Though inclination be as sharp as will,

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect: what if this curst hand

Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens

To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,

To be forefalled e're we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up:

600 My fault is past: but oh! what form of Prayer

Can

601 Can serve my turn? forgive me my foul Murther?
That cannot be, since I am still posselt
Of those effects for which I did the Murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?

So 24-5 "In the corrupted currents of this World
"Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it self

So 2 (particular)

610 Buys out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence; what then? what rests?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?

Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed Soul! that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! help Angels, make assay,
Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new born-babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer, he kneels and prays,
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;
He kill'd my Father, and for that
I his sole Son send him
To Heaven,

So 267 Why this is a reward, — not revenge:
He took my father grossly, full of Bread,
630 With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heaven?
But in our Circumstances and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?

No,

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,

When he is Drunk, Asleep, or in his Rage,

Or in th' incelluous Pleasures of his Bed,

At Game, a Swearing, or about some Act

That has no Relish of Salvation in't,

"Then trip him that his heels may kick at Heaven,

"And that his Soul may be damn'd and black

"As Hell whereto it goes: " my Mother stays,

This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

King. My words flie up, my thoughts remain below,

[Exit.

Words

3

~~sub~~

13

H. shore

gilded F. F4

gilded 2g, 3. Ff 2.3.

leaf of leaf

low night the is in the night. (P.)
it, but now his (P.)

to the same in the same.

the and the same Ff. the and the (2g)

the 2g Ff 1-3. F4 the

Ff the and the (m. 2)

relativ zu

2. $\frac{H, \text{ selbste m. exa } 2g}{2 \text{ in } (F)}$ $\frac{2 \text{ in } (F)}{(5 \text{ in})}$
2. mit $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{H, \text{ selbste m. exa } 2g}{2 \text{ in } (F)}$ $\frac{2 \text{ in } (F)}{(5 \text{ in})}$
Hem. (mitin) Hem. hem. m. m. (F)

immer (F)

in der, m. m.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

49

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

[Exit.]

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight, look you lay home to him,

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your grace hath stood between

Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,

Pray you be round.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not,

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so,

You are the Queen, your Husband's brother's Wife,

And would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit down, you shall not budge,

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the utmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.

Pol. O I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good Mother,

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. I, Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,

I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou findest to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

"If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

"That it be proof and bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy Tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

H

That

Aug 11
694

50

The Tragedy of Hamlet

That blurs the Grace and Bloſſom of Modeſty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes Marriage vows
As falſe as Dicers oaths : oh ſuch a deed
As from the Body of Contraction plucks
The very Soul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapsody of words, " Heavens face does glow,
" Yea this ſolidity and compound maſs,
" With heated viſage as againſt the doom,
" Is thought-ſick at the Act.

200

2076

Ah me, that Act!

Queen. Ay me, what Act?

Ham. That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index:

So 29. (2000)

Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;

710

See what a grace was ſeated on this brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Jove himſelf,
An Eye like Mars to threaten and command;

My

" A ſtation like the Herald Mercury

So 29 4-6

" New lighted on a Heaven-killing hill,

A combination and form indeed

Where every God did ſeem to ſet his Seal,

To give the world aſſurance of a man.

Reverend
Annotat

This was your Husband: look you now what follows,

Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,

Blaſting his whoſome Brother: have you Eyes?

Could you on this fair Mountain love to feed,

2076
Walter

And batten on this Moor? ha! have you Eyes?

You cannot call it Love, for at your Age

The heyday of the Blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the Judgment: and what Judgment

Would ſtep from this to this? (Senſe ſure you have,

Elſe could you not have motion, but ſure that Senſe

Is apoplext, for madneſs would not Err,

Ma's m. F.

Nor Senſe to extaſie was ne're ſo thrall'd;

But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice

To ſerve in ſuch a difference: " what Devil was't

" That thus hath cozen'd you at hodman-blind?

So 29.

" Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,

" Ears without hands, or Eyes, ſmelling ſans all,

" Or but a ſickly part of one true Senſe

" Could not ſo mope, " Oh ſhame! where is thy bluſh?

Rebellious Hell,

156 in
m. F.

If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones

To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax

And melt in her own fire, proclaim no ſhame.

740

When

Act. 10

10

2

10

2

From the 6 Queen 1815

and 2 in 1815-3.

Leave 2 Ff.

Oct 22

3

Ft. Henderson

Ft. legs into my ruysond

Ft. ground

Ft. will not leave him

Ft. examined.

Queen no more! (and 2nd 4-6)

fighting 22. 23.
sighting 24.

22 invertebrate

to the ground

you (banned) here (like life in invertebrate)

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

51

741- When the ^{ardent} compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it self as Actively doth burn,
And reason pardons will.

129. Queen. O Hamlet speak no more,
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul,
"And there I see such black and grieved spots
129 "As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
750- Stew'd in corruption, "Honeying and making Love
"Over the nasty styte.

Queen. O speak to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine Ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain,
A slave that's not the twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole:
And put it in his Pocket.

[Enter Ghost.]

760 Ham. A King of furred and patches.
Save me and hover o're me with your wings
You Heavenly guards: what would your gracious fire?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide?
That lap'st in time, and person lets go by
Th' important Acting of your dread command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

770- But look, amazement on thy Mother sits,
O step between her and her sighing Soul!
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal Air do hold discourse?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly Peep,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th' Alarm,
Your hair

780- Starts up and stands an end: O gentle Son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His form and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Left with this piteous Action you convert

787.

H 2

My

The Tragedy of

My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is [here] I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it steals away,

My Father in his habit as he liv'd,
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful Musick: it is not madness

That I have uttered, bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Cannot do. Mother, for love of grace

Lay not that flattering unction to your Soul,

That not your trespass but my madness speaks;

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption mining all within

Infects unseen: confess your self to Heaven,

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,

"And do not spread the compost on the weeds.

"To make them ranker: forgive me this my virtue,

"For in the fatness of these pursie times

"Vertue it self of vice must pardon beg,

"Yea curb and woove for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,

And leave the purer with the other half.

Good night, but go not to my Uncle's bed,

Assume a vertue if you have it not. Once more good night.

"That monster custom, who all Sense doth Eat,

"Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,

"That to the use of Actions fair and good.

"He likewise gives a frock or livery

"That aptly is put on: refrain to night,

"And that shall lend a kind of easiness

"To the next abstinence, the next more easie;

"For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

"And master the Devil, or throw him out.

With wonderous potency: Once more good night,

And when you are desirous to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you: for this same Lord

I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this, and this with me,

That

To the Hon. Secy. of the Navy

Washington

April 10, 1874

Dear Sir

51

Enclosed for you are

one of the

51

100

Very truly
yours
John A. Smith

835. That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again good night.
I must be cruel onely to be kind,
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

840 One word more, good Lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

"Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let not the King tempt you to bed again,

"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,

"And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,

"Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft; "twere good you let him know;

850- "For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wife,

"Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,

"Such dear concerns hide? who would do so?

"No, in despite of Sense and Secrefie.

"Unpeg the basket on the houses top,

"Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,

"To try conclusions in the basket creep,

"And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,

And breath of life; I have no life to breath

860- What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Queen. Alack I had forgot,

'Tis so concluded on.

"Ham. There's Letters seal'd, and my two School-fellows,

"Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,

"They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

"And marshall me to knavery; let it work,

"For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer

"Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard

870- "But I will delve one yard below their Mines,

"And blow them at the Moon: O 'tis most sweet

"When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man will set me packing,

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.

Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor

Is now most still, most Secret, and most grave,

Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.

Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, Mother.

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

1 King. **T**Here's matter in these Sighs, these profound Heaves,
You must Translate, 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your Son ?

Hamlet Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. [Exit Ros. and Guild.]
Ah mine own Lord, what have I seen to night ?

King. What Gertrard, how does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind when both contend

Which is the Mightier in his Lawless fit,

Behind the Arras hearing something stir,

10 Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,

And in this Brainish Apprehension kills

The unseen Good old Man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us had we been there,

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your self, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this Bloody Deed be answered ?

It will be laid to us, whose Providence

Should have restrain'd

20 - This mad Young Man : but so much was our Love

We would not understand what was most fit,

But like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,

O're whom his very madness like some Ore

Among a mineral of metal base,

Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.

Hamlet King. Gertrard come away,

30 - The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch

But we will Ship him hence, and this vile deed

We must with all our Majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern,

Friends both, go joyn with you some further Aid,

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his Mother's Closter hath he drag'd him,

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body

Into the Chappel ; I pray you haste in this :

39 - Come, Gertrard, we'll call up our wisest friends,

[Enter Ros. and Guild.]

And

19. Hand have [left short] retained. [and out of account,] 17.29.

[OL] 17.29.2 2

F. B. lafite obs'd.

II. But soft! what noise? Whence on the wall?

2 c. 3. Henn. leafy stem, leafy, what more, what also on Henn.

62425

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

55

40 And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose whisper o're the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank
"Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,
"And hit the woundless Air: O come away,
"My Soul is full of discord and dismay

[Exeunt.

Scene 2

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stow'd: what noise? who calls Hamlet?
O here they come,

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

50- Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is a-kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel and not mine own; besides, to be
demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the Son of a
King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

60- Ham. I Sir, that fokes up the King's Countenance, his rewards, his au-
thorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps
them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swal-
lowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you,
and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a Knavish speech sleeps in a Foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to
the King.

"Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body:
"the King is a thing.

70- "Guil. A thing, my Lord?

"Ham. Of nothing, "bring me to him.

[Exeunt.

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body;

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?

Yet must we not put the strong Law on him,

He's Lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their Eyes,

And where 'tis so th' offenders scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence: to bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

80- Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are reliev'd

82- Or not at all.

Enter

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

83 "King. Hew now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

[They enter.]

90 "King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper; where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation
of politick worms are e'en at him: "your worm is your only Emperour
"for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for
"maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service,
two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas! Alas!

100 "Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of
"the fish that hath fed of that worm.

"King. What do'st thou mean by this?

"Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress,
"through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In Heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not
there, seek him i'th' other place your self: but indeed if you find him
not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the
Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

110 "Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy self,
The Bark is ready, and the wind sits fair,
"Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

120 "King. I, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for England:
Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother's man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.

Come, for England.

128 "King. Follow him.

Act 10-42

Aug 13

11 1/2

10

20

Aug 14

20

Tempt him with speed aboard,

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night,

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,

That else leans on the affair; "pray you make haste:

"And *England*, if my present Love thou holdst at ought,

"As my great power thereof may give thee Sense,

"Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

"After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe

"Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly let

"Our Sovereign process, which imports at full

"By Letters congruing to that effect

"The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,

"For like the Hestick in my blood he rages,

"And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,

"How e're my haps, my joys will ne're begin.

[Exit

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

"Fort. Go, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,

"Tell him that by his license *Fortinbras*

"Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march

"Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous.

"If that his Majesty would ought with us

"We shall express our duty in his eye.

"And let him know so.

"Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

"Fort. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

"Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

"Capt. They are of *Normay*, Sir.

"Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

"Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

"Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

"Capt. The Nephew of old *Normay*, *Fortinbras*.

"Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir?

"Or for some frontier?

"Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

"We go to gain a little patch of ground

"That hath in it no profit but the name,

"To pay five duckets, five I would not farm it,

"Nor will it yield to *Normay* or the *Pole*.

"A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

"Ham. Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.

"Capt. Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

"Ham. Two thousand Souls, and 20000 duckets

"Will not debate the question of this straw?

"This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,

"That inward breaks, and shews no cause without

"Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

"Capt.

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600 5 17.

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

59

220

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, "they yawn at it,
"And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
"Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
"Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
"Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.

[Enter Ophelia.]

230

"Queen. To my sick Soul, as sin's true nature is,
"Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
"So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
"It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia*? [Sbc Sings.]

Ophel. How should I your true Love know from another one?

By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sordid shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, [Song.]

240

At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.
O ho.

Queen. Nay but, *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow.

[Enter King.]

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers, [Song.]
Which bewept to the ground did not go,
With true Love showers.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

250

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's daughter:
we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it
means, say you this.

To-morrow is S. Valentines day [Song.]

All in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your window

To be your Valentine.

"Then up he rose and dond his clothes, and dapt the Chamber door,

"Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

260

King. Pretty, *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By gis and by Saint Charity,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

265

by cock they are to blame.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

266 "Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed.
 " (He answers.) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,
 And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

270 *Opbel.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient; but I cannot chuse
 but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall
 know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
 Come my Coach, good night Ladies, good night,
 Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.

O this is the Poison of deep grief, it springs all from her father's death:

And now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions: first, her father slain,

Next, your Son gone, and he most violent author

280 - Of his own just remove; the people muddied,

Thick and unwholsom in thoughts and whispers

For good *Polonius* death, and we have done but

Obscurely to interr him; poor *Opbelia*

Divided from her self and her fair Judgment,

Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her Brother is in Secret come from *France*,

Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not whispers to infect his Ear

290 - With pestilent speeches of his father's death,

Wherein necessity of matter begger'd

"Will nothing stick our person to arraign"

"In ear and ear: "O my dear *Gertrard*, this

Like to a murdering-piece in many places

Gives me superfluous death.

Enter Messengers.

King. Where are my Swiflers? let them guard the door;

What is the matter?

Messen. Save your self, my Lord.

The Ocean over-peering of his list

300 - Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head

O're-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord;

And as the World were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry chuse we *Laertes* for our King;

Gaps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King.

310 - "Queen. How cheerfully on the false tail they cry,

"O this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

[A noise within.]

Enter

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18

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

61

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
320- Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaff brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrud*, do not fear our person,
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason dares not reach at what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me, *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus incens'd: let him go, *Gertrud*.
330- Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Devil,
"Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
340- "I dare damnation," to this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the Worlds:

And for my means I'll Husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

King. Will you in revenge of your
Dear father's death destroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

350- *Laer.* To this, good friends, thus wide I'll open my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican
Relieve them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

356- And am most sensible in grief for it,

[15]

357

It shall as level to your judgment eye
As day does to your eye.

[A noise within.]

360 -

Laer. Let her come in.
"How now? what noise is that?"
"O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
"Burn out the Sense and vertue of mine eye:
By Heaven" thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O Heavens! is't possible a young maids wit's
Should be as mortal as a sick mans life!

370 +

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my Dove.
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not move thus.

+
Rt.
Lacton

Ophel. You must sing a down, a down,
And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Master's daughter.

Handwritten notes

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.
Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you Love re-
member, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

372 -

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Ophel. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you,
and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace: a Sunday, you may
wear your Rew with a difference; there's a Daisie: I would give you
some Violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he
made a good end.

Handwritten notes

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it self
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

340

Ophel. And will he not come again,
"And will he not come again?"
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mourning.
And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.

Handwritten notes

King. Laertes I must share in your grief,
Or you deny me right; go but a part.
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,
"Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours

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July 1/6 23 1/2

Aug 1/6 23 1/2

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

63

403. To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your Soul.
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No Trophey, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,

410. No noble right, nor formal ostentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,

And where th' offence is let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

[Exit]

Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the World

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

[Enter Sailors.]

Say. Save you, Sir.

Say. There's a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Embassador that
was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know
it is.

430. Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look't this, give these fellows
some means to the King, they have Letters for him. E're we were two
days old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment gave us chase.
Finding our selves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and
in the Grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our Ship,
so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves
of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let
the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much
speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will
make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter, these good
fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrans and Guildenstern hold their
course for England, of them I have much to tell thee.

Farewel.

Hamlet.

Hor. Come, I will make you way for these your Letters,

And do't the speedier that you may direct me

440. To him from whom you brought them.

[Exit]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance Seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain
Pursued my life.

446. Laer. It well appears: but tell me

Why

Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

450

King. For two special reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for my self,
My virtue or my plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my life and Soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the people bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
"Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows
"Too slightly timbered for so loved arms,
"Would have reverted to my bow again,
"But not where I have aim'd them.

460

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost;
A filter driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on the mount of all the Age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shook with danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
"And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

470

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

480

Mess. Saylor, my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them: leave us. [Exit.]
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom:
to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes, when I shall
[first asking you pardon] thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden
return.

King. What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

490

Laer. Know you the hand?

492

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked!

And in a postscript here he says alone,

Academy

and 5

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493 Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so, how otherwise?

500 Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, my Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

510- Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
"As did that one, and that in my regard
"Of the unworthiest siege.

520 Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the cap of youth,
"Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
"The light and careless Livery that it wears,
"Than settled Age his fables, and his weeds,
"Importing health and graveness: "two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,
I have seen my self, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

530

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed

K

The

539

570 The gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed
If one could match you: the Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his

550 Did Hamlet so envenome with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o're to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not Love your Father,

560 "But that I know Love is begun by time,
"And that I see in passages of proof,
"Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;

"There lives within the very flame of Love
"A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
"And nothing is at a like goodnes still;

"For goodnes growing to a pleurisie,
"Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
"We should do when we would: for this would changes,

"And hath abatements and delays as many
"As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents,
"And then this Should is like a spend-thrift-sigh,

570 "That hurts by easing: " but to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good Laertes,
Keep close within your Chamber,

580 Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o're your heads; he being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choke

586 Or with a little shuffling, you may choke

12 1/2
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587 A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;

590 And for the purpose I'll Anoint my Sword :
I bought an Uncion of a Mountebank
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasim so rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,

600 "Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,
"May fit us to our shape if this should fail,
"And that our drift look through our bad performance
"Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
"Should have a back or second, that might hold
"If this did blast in proof: " soft, let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
I have't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,

610 If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

[Enter Queen.]

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a willow growing o're a Brook,
That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie stream,
Near which fantastick garlands she did make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,

620 "That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
"But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
There on the boughs her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook, " her cloths spred wide,
"And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
"Which time she chanted remnants of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress;
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the gentle maid from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

633 *Laer.* Alas! then is she drown'd?

634 *Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

Lacr. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Opbelia*,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet

It is our trick, Nature her Custom holds,

Let shame say what it will; "when these are gone

670 "The woman will be out." Adieu, my Lord,

I have a fire that fain would blase,

But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit.

King. Let's follow, *Gertrard*;

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now I fear this will give it start again,

Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.

1. *Clow.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks
her own salvation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner
hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own de-
fence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

10. *Clow.* It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point,
if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three
branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform, or all; she drown'd her
self wittingly.

Oth. Nay but hear you, goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good; here stands the man,
good; if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will he nill
he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown
him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death,
shortens not his own life.

Oth. But is this Law?

20. *Clow.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest-Law.

Oth. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman
she should have been buried without Christian burial.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pity that great folk should
have Countenance in this World to Drown or Hang themselves
more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no Ancient Gentlemen
but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams*
profession.

27. *Oth.* Was he a Gentleman?

Clow.

For v

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28 Clow. He was the first that ever bore Arms.
I'll put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose,
30 - confess thy self.

Oth. Go to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well, the Gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou do'st ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Mafs I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomsday. Go get thee in, and fetch me a stoop of liquor.

In youth when I did love, did love,

[Song.]

— Methought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his business? he sings in Grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clow. But age with stealing steps

[Song.]

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the Land,

as if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first Murder: this might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Ass now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Hora. It might, my Lord,

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, good morrow, my Lord, how do'st thou, sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's horse when he meant to beg him, might it not?

Hora. I, my Lord.

73 "Ham. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and
"knockt about the mazer with a Sexton's Spade;" here's a fine
revolution,

74

revolution, and we had the trick to see't; did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade, a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

80

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

90-

Hora. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. "Is not Parchment made of sheep-skins?"

Hora. "I, my Lord, and of calves skins too."

Ham. "They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that."

I will speak to this fellow: Whose Grave's this, firrah?

Clow. Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lye in't, yet it's mine.

100-

Ham. Thou do'st lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What man do'st thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman, Sir, but rest her Soul, she's dead.

110-

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Horatio* this three years I have took notice of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into England.

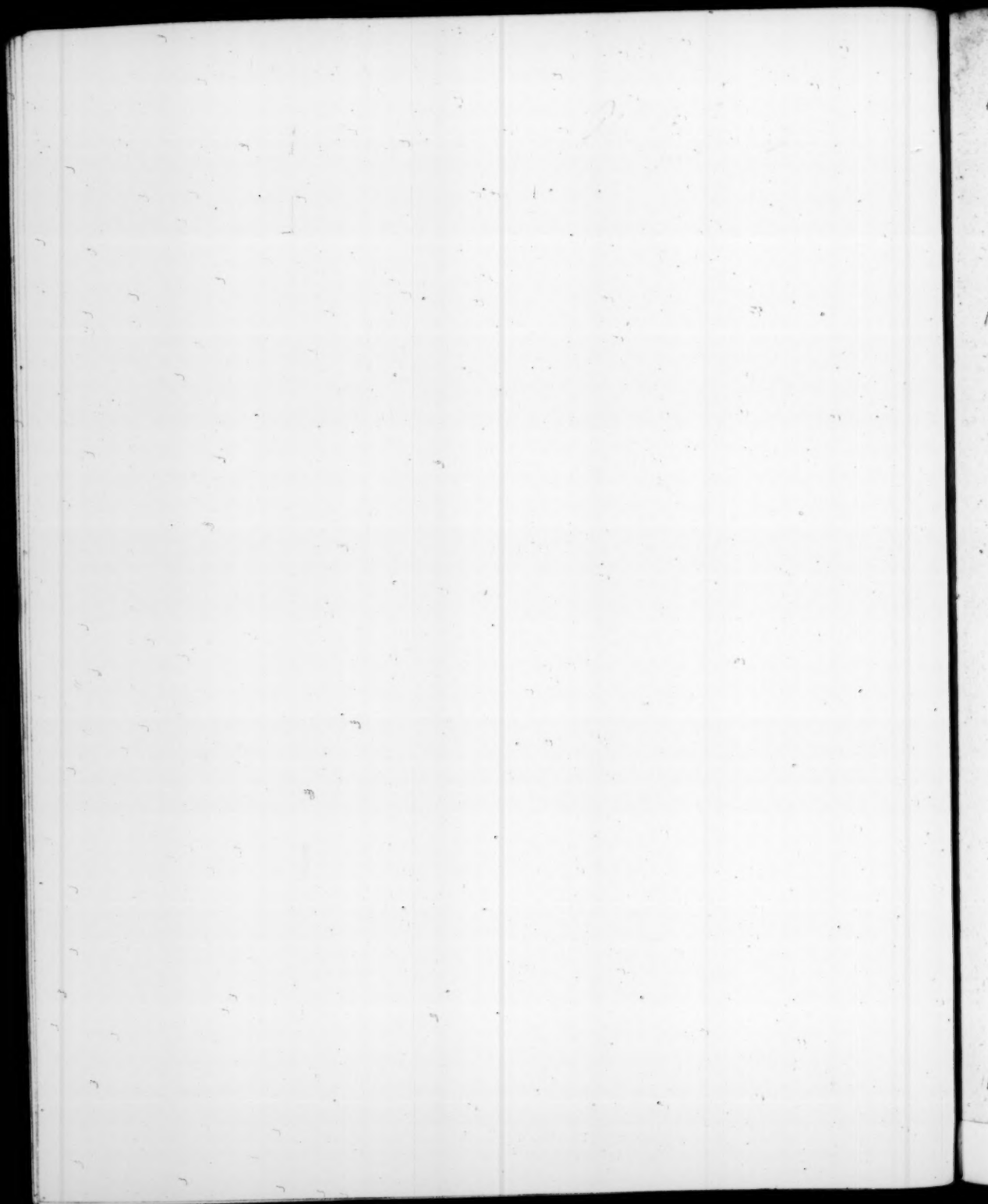
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Ham.

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

71

120 Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

130 Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' Earth e're he rot?

Clow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarfes that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th' earth three and twenty years.

140 Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir *Torick's* skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'en that.

150 Ham. Alas, poor *Torick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kist I know not how oft: where be your jibes now, your jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

160 Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt on this fashion i'th' Earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

167 Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor.

The Tragedy of

72

Hera. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life, 'twas of some estate:
Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doff. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o're-sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified been lodg'd:
For charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doff. No more:

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What? the fair *Ophebia*?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deeds depriv'd thee of

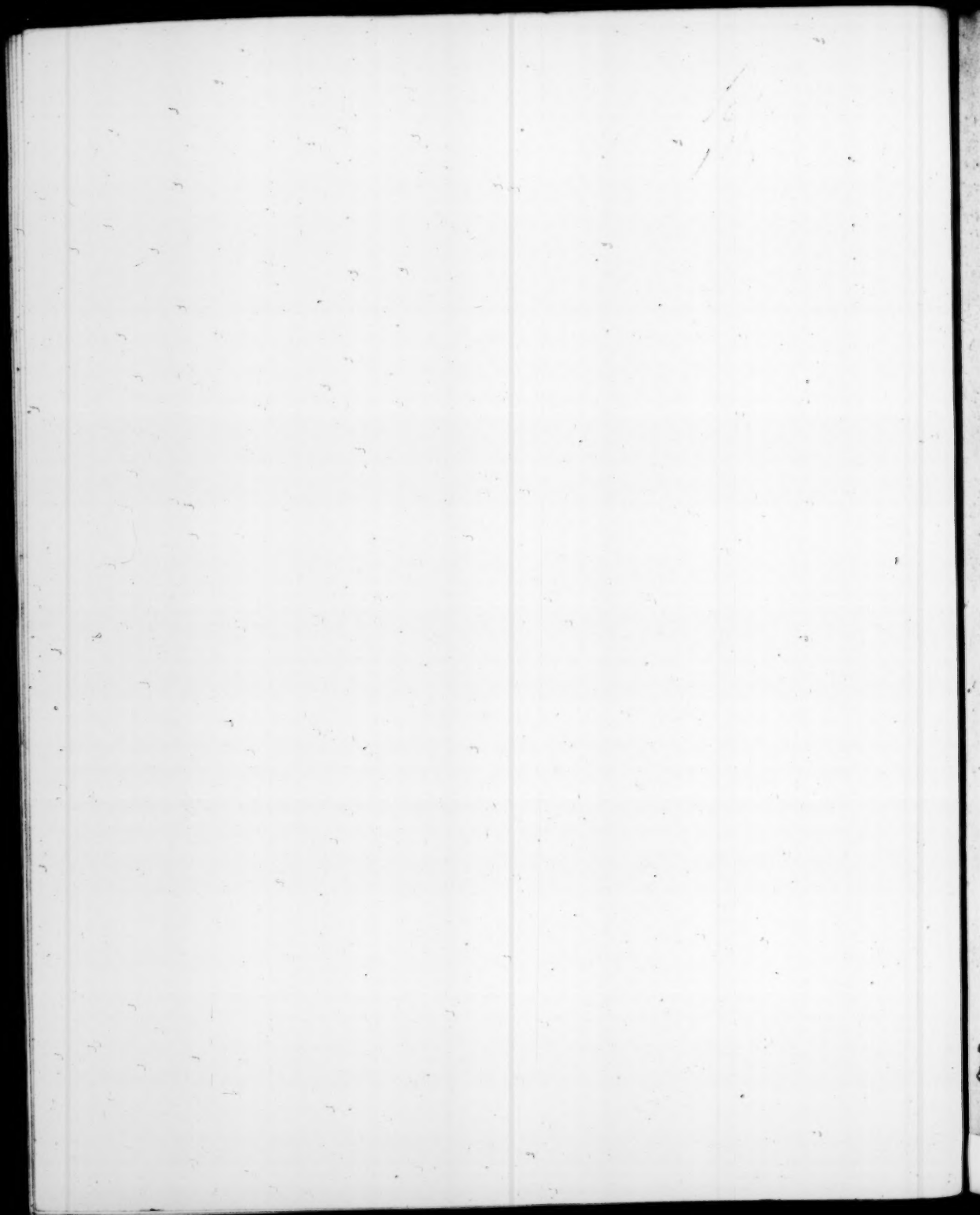
Thy most ingenuous Sense: hold off the earth a while,

Till

[Enter King,
Queen, La-
ertes, and
the coarse.

at R x h h

R.



215 Till I have caught her once more in my Arms.
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountain you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the Skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

220 *Ham.* What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. Perdition catch thee.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well: I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.

230 *King.* Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet,*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theam
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my Son, what theam?

Ham. I lov'd *Opbelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum: What wilt thou do for her?

240 *King.* O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do,
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,
Wilt drink up *Esil*, eat a *Crocodile*?
I'll do't; do'st thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground

250 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madness,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When first her Golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

260 I lov'd you ever, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,

262 The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his day.

King. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son,

This Grave shall have a living monument,

"An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,

"Till then in patience our proceeding be.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the other:

You do remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep, "methought I lay

"Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly

"And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,

When our deep plots do fail, and that should learn us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

280 - Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,

My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark

I creep'd to find out them, had my desire,

Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew

To mine own room again, making so bold

(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold

Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,

An exact command,

290 - "Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

"Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,

"With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,

"That on the supervise, no leisure bated,

"No not to stay the grinding of the Ax,

My head should be strook off.

Hora. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure;

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hora. I beseech you.

300 - *Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with Villains,

E're I could make a Prologue to my brains

They had begun the Play: I fate me down,

Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:

I once did hold it, as our Statists do,

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much

How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now

307 It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know,

The effect

Adm. Co.

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308 Th' effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I, good my Lord.

310 — *Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the Palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
 "And stand a *Comma* 'tween their Amities,
 "And many such like, as Sir of great charge,
 That on the view of those Contents,
 Without debatement further more or less
 He should those bearers put to sudden death,
 "Not shirving time allow'd.

320 — *Hora.* How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why even in that was Heaven ordinant:
 I had my Father's Signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that *Danish* Seal,
 Folded the Writ up in the form of th' other,
 Subscrib'd it, gav'th' impression, plac'd it safely,
 The chancing never known; now the next day
 Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

330 — *Hora.* So *Güldenstern* and *Rosencraus* went to't.
Ham. They are not near my conscience, their defeat
 Does by ther own insinuation grow;
 "'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 "Between the pass and fell incensed point
 "Of mighty opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
 Stept in 'between th' election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,

340 — And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience? [Enter a Courtier.

Court. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Do'st know this water-flie?

Hora. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he
 hath much land and fertil, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his Crib shall
 stand at the King's Mefs; 'tis a Chough, but, as I say, spacious in the
 possession of dirt.

350 — *Court.* Sweet Lord, If your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart
 a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of spirit; your Bonnet
 to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Court. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

352 — *Ham.* No, believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

355. *Court.* It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very foultry and hot, for my Complexion.

Court. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that he has laid a

360 great wager on your head, Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Court. Nay, good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft Society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

370- *Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th' Arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick Sail; but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great Article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Court. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer breath?

Court. Sir.

380- *Hora.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will do't, Sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. His purse is empty already, all's Golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Court. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did, Sir, yet if you did, it would not much approve me: well, Sir.

Court. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

390- *Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Court. I mean, Sir, for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Court. Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbery* horses, against the which he has impawn'd as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Ponyards, with their assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so: three of the carriages are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages and of very liberal conceit.

400- *Ham.* What call you the carriages?

401 *Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Court.

13 miles

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402. *Court.* The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more German to the matter, if we could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be Hangers till then : but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* Swords, their assigns, and their liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it ?

Court. The King, Sir, hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen passes between your self and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate Trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Court. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in Trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall, if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Court. Shall I deliver you so ?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

420- *Court.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it self, there are no Tongues else for his turn.

Hora. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. " He did so, Sir, with his dug before he sucked it ; " thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know, the drossie age dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and renowned opinions ; and do but blow them to their Trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

430 *Lord.* My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time ?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure ; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

440 *Lord.* The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France* I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds : thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay, good my Lord.

447 *Ham.* Is it but foolery, but it is such a kind of boding as would perhaps trouble

448 trouble a woman.

450- *Hora.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it, I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, "there is a special providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaves knows what 'tis to leave betimes, let be."

A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with Cushions, King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

453 *Ham.* Give me your pardon, Sir, I have done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows,

460 And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd

With a sore distraction; what I have done

That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong, *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy;

470 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o're the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive in this case should stir me most

To my revenge, "but in my terms of honour

"I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation

"Till by some elder Masters of known honour

"I have a voice and president of peace

480- "To my name ungor'd: but all that time"

I do receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager

Frankly play.

Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night

Appear.

490 *Laer.* You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, on my honour.

492 *King.* Give them the foils, young *Osrick*: cousin *Hamlet*,

You

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10/11/11

11/11/11 10/11/11

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Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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443

You know the wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both,

But since he is better we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foils have all a length.

500 - *Ofr.* I, my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;

If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire;

The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,

And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive Kings

In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,

570 - The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to the Earth.

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*: come, begin,

And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

580

Laer. Well, again.

King. Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet* this pearl is thine,

Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I do confess't.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

Here *Hamlet*, take my Handkerchief, wipe thy brows:

The Queen salutes thy fortune, *Hamlet*,

590

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gerward do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

599

Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally,

540 I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ostr. Look to the Queen there, ho.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is't, my Lord?

Ostr. How is't, *Laertes*?

550 *Laer.* Why as a Woodcock in mine own sprindge, *Ostrich*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,
The drink, the drink, I am paysoned.

Ham. O villain! ho, let the door be lockt,
Treachery, seek is out.

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*; thou art slain,
No medicine in the World can do thee good,
560 In thee there is not half-an hours life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand,
Unbated and evenom'd, the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me; so here I lye
Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point evenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous *Dane*,

570 "Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my Mother.

Laer. "He is justly serv'd, it is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*,

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:

I am dead, *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewell.

You that look pale and tremble at this chance;

580 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death

Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you;

But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my Cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never believe it.

586 I am more an antick *Roman* than a *Dane*,

Here's

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52

587 Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, I'll have't :

590 O *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

[A march afar off.]

Enter Olftrick.

Ostr. Young *Fortinbras* with conquest come from Poland,
Th' Embassadors of *England* give this warlike Volley.

600 *Ham.* O! die, *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite o'regrows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurents more and less
Which have solicited : the rest in silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with the Embassadors.

Fort. Where is this sight?

610 *Hora.* What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search?

Fort. " This quarry cries on havock : " O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strook?

Embass. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late,
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* are dead,

620- Where should we have our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of breath to thank you,
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so apt upon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*
Are here arrived, give orders that these bodies
High on a stage be-placed to publick view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World
How these things came about ; so shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

632

Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience:

640

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while mens minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

650

Fort. "Let four Captains
Bear Hamlet like a Souldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T'have prov'd most royal: and for his passage,
The Souldiers Musick and the Rites of War
Speak loudly for him.

655

Take up the bodies; such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
"Go bid the Souldiers Shoot.

[Exeunt.

F I N I S.

V

7.

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$$906 - 254 = 652 \quad 21. \text{ hrs}$$

$$625 - 214 = 411$$

$$2155 \text{ km.} \quad 22. \underline{3695.}$$

$$879 - 178 = 701 (101)$$

$$675 - 150 = 525$$

$$654 - 28 = 626$$

$$3739.$$

$$824 \text{ miles}$$

$$824 \times 4 = 3296$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3739 \\ 42415 \end{array}$$

$$2915.$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3296 \\ 412 \\ \hline 3708 \end{array}$$

$$2442 \quad 3420$$